

## RIVER PILOT HOLDS BURNING SHIP TO BANK AND DIES, BUT SAVES PASSENGERS

New Orleans, La., Feb. 21.—Write the name of Bill Barre, river pilot, in the list of brave souls.

Bill had an ideal. And in living up to that ideal died.

The Gem was a little river packet. Up and down the river, trip after trip and year after year, Bill guided her. Above the wheel in the pilot-house was a little framed copy on Jim Bludsoe. Not a picture of a friend, no oth-



er effort at decoration, just the poem which declared that—

"He'd hold her nozzle agin' the bank  
Till the last soul got ashore."

The end of the poetical Prairie Belle was the end of the Gem. She caught fire six miles up the river. Bill was in the pilot-house, his eyes on the poem which had been his dream and his inspiration, when cries of terror followed the burst of flame. Bill turned the boat towards shore. The ancient ship burned with the ra-

### JIM BLUDSOE

• And if ever the Prairie Bell took  
• fire—  
• A thousand times he swore  
• He'd hold her nozzle agin' the  
• bank  
• Till the last one got ashore.  
•  
• Through the hot black breath of  
• the burnin' boat  
• Jim Bludsoe's voice was heard,  
• And they all had trust in his cus-  
• sedness,  
• And knowed he would keep his  
• word.  
• And, sure's you're born, they all  
• got off  
• Afore the smokestack fell;  
• And Bludsoe's ghost went up  
• alone  
• In the smoke of the Prairie  
• Belle.

pidity of kindling. Panic-stricken passengers leaped into the river. Bill, he stuck.

The prow of the Gem reached the shore. The last "galoot" got ashore—all but Bill. He was too late and the spirit of Jim Bludsoe reached down over the dark waters of the Mississippi as they closed over Bill Barre. The little framed poem in the pilot-house had become history. Bill Barre died the death of his ideal.

### SOME HERO

"This is one of my ancestors," she said, pausing before a portrait. "He fell at Waterloo. Have you any ancestors?"

He suddenly remembered an uncle who had sole charge of the front of a cinema show, and murmured, "Er—es, one."

"Did he fall anywhere?"

"Not exactly; but I remember being told how, clothed in full uniform, but unarmed save for a light cane,